The SCEPTRE

QUEENS COLLEGE

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

VOLUME II | *April 1929* | NUMBER 2

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The SCEPTRE

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The SCEPTRE

VOLUME II *April,* 1929 NUMBER 2

Sun Glint

THIS LOVELY and feminine season has been written on so often and in so many ways that during the winter months or the hot summer days one always vows never to touch on the subject again, and keeps the vow nobly until it pours rain without slacking for two weeks and then without any warning whatsoever the rain stops, then the sun steps gaily forth and positively permeates the earth with balmy air and sweet odors. The most modest violet can not resist peeking its tiny face out into this lovely world; the golden buttercups make not even a show of modesty, and the Japanese plum bushes frankly flount their vivid rosiness. The birds can not resist chanting the sauciest tunes; tiny streams bound along in irrespressible joy, and the most well-meaning of writers and would-be writers again take the "pen in hand" despite noble resolutions and admit that April is the most delicious of months and Spring the most perturbing and lovable of seasons.

It is the season of domesticity. Old men come out into the yards and orchards and gardens and putter around under the apple tree or among the onions, gently coaxing the roots around in the soft brown earth, and persuading little parasitic weeds into a short course over the back fence. Women plant row on row of sweet peas to come up about Commencement, just at the proper time to be sent in huge betulled bouquets to sweet girl graduates or wound into crowns for the nymphs of May Day. Tousled-headed children tumble-set on the grass and shove their cartlets back and forth without any aim of any sort except an expression of no-longer-to-be-suppressed animal spirits, and it an unconscious one!

Of a Sunday afternoon one can see whole families sitting on their respective porches basking in sunshine and contentment, asking nothing better of life—for the time.

Little did Mr. Tennyson know that he was composing lines that would become more well-known than the national anthem when he arranged those famous words concerning the very certain direction that a young man's fancy takes in the spring of the year. The old moon sends out its mystic and bewitching glow over the world and a formerly unnoticed strip of grass becomes an isle of romance and a pear tree a frothy white bower—another moonlight sonata. Such loveliness was not meant to be withstood. What if the old moon does chuckle?

K. B. H.

Gossamer

I walk, alone, into the dead of a blue and gold day
Turned mauve;
And as I am absorbed into the soft duskiness,
My fancy chooses,
As a woman over her store of jewels,
Those thoughts which to me are
Beauty:

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A crystal tear on an angel's wing;
A lone star in a black sky;
An unbroken promise;
A baby still in sleep;
Calvary;
Dew on a white rose;
The smile of a blind man;
A pearl zepplin-cloud lighting on blue hills;
A child in prayer;
An Easter dawn.
A light set in a window;
The silence of a great love;
A girl waiting in an old garden;
The smile of the sick;
A Faith.
White moonlight on a sleeping street,
Or a pink and grey dawn;
A father's eyes;
A mother's hand;
A Christmas night.
Bronze harvest against clear azure;
An old prayer-book;
Clumped wild phlox, pink against a pine carpet;
And old road;
A sacrifice . . . .
Mauve dusk, and in the stillness, a faint sound of bells.

Uncertain April

Dear, playful, sweet, Uncertain April,
April with your golden hair,
We never know what dress you'll wear,
We never know what fancy fleet
Will take you swift on nimble feet
To frolic gay on every hand
To toss the leaves or stir the sand.
Just yesterday your dress was neat,
A silvery green and quite complete
With beads and trimmings of diamond dew.
The day nothing like near through
When you tossed it aside with a careless grace
And donned a thing of rippling lace.
In and out you fluttered about
With here a smile and there a pout.
When the sun went down and the night came on,
The dress of lace, alas, was gone.
You wore another of sober hue,
But it couldn't be sober long for you,
For quick you pinned in its darkening folds
Stars of silver from perfect molds;
And in your hair, now a darker shade,
A shining crescent comb you laid.
You laughed and sighed, your breath came light
As you danced in the dark of the peaceful night.
We slept and left you playing there
Wondering what dress next day you'd wear.

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And then this morning when we awoke,
You were muffled deep in a dark gray cloak.
You scowled and frowned and tossed your hair;
We sighed and sighed but you did not care.
You fussed and fumed, playing a tearful tune.
That tune rose higher, and very soon
You stormed about with your cheeks puffed out,
The dead leaves you kicked and knocked about
All over the woods and against the fences;
You acted as if you had lost your senses.
Suddenly your feelings gave vent to tears
As you howled and sobbed, darkening our fears.
Then like a child who has finished his cry
You gulped and sniffled and gave a great sigh,
Tossed back you hair from your tear-stained eyes,
Threw open your cloak and fanned the skies
Clear of the clouds and threatening rain,
Loosely caught up your hair again,
Tore off your cloak, and before we could wink,
Or our dazed minds could scarcely think,
You laughed aloud! Your winsome wiles,
Above that costume of latest styles
Filled our hearts with love for you,
For you are a child through and through.
April with your golden hair,
We never know what dress you'll wear,
Dear, playful, sweet, Uncertain April.

MARY R. SMITH.

Poor Lola

By Mary Groome McNinch

Infinite longing filled Lola's heart that Saturday morning as she gazed dejectedly over the green fields, over the orchards, toward red roofs and grey towers of the beloved city. All her life she had lived on the outside of things, and now at the last, when her dreams had seemed so nearly realized—but she would not voice her bitter disappointment.

A rope lay beside her. Absently, picking it up, she started tying knots in it—seven they were. Just so many days as she had toiled and hoped and awaited today. And then—fate intervened in the person of her father.

"Good-bye, daughter. Your bitter loss grieves me, but remain here you must. Next time . . . ." and then he strode off.

It wasn't fair, thought Lola. Life? What after all was anything worth? And the struggle—how hard. A tear coursed down Lola's cheek and then her eyes became hard, even desperate. End the thing, that was it—end this useless longing for her precious city. Her only desire was denied her—one thing only remained for her.

The rope lay in her hand. The more she contemplated it, the more firmly Lola knew what she must do. Six knots she untied. With the seventh she made a loop, then a noose. The other end she saw was fastened high enough.

A last longing appeal to her gabled roofs and spires and Lola slipped the noose in place—and then it jerked, tightening in a death grip around the stake as the cow at the other end moved on to new clover and Lola turned back to the house to finish the hated chores left by her family even then picnicking in the city.

Poor, unfortunate Lola.

The Goslar Poems of Wordsworth

By Laura Moore Gairn

It was immediately after the publishing of "The Lyrical Ballads" that Wordsworth with his sister, Dorothy, and friend Coleridge, went to Germany to perfect their knowledge of the German language. They hoped that life among the people of that land would give them a better acquaintance with its language. But it does not seem that the Wordsworths made many acquaintances among the folk, and their improvement was mostly gained by reading German books to themselves. Coleridge studied and travelled alone a great deal, but he made frequent excursions into the country with his two friends, and shared many misfortunes with them. He says that on one occasion, they were driven out of doors and forced to spend a night in the woods.*

In spite of the hardships endured during those four months, Wordsworth wrote some of his best, and some of those poems most characteristic of himself in that period of his life. It may be that the dull and dismal town of Goslar brought to the mind of the poet his own native land with its lovely scenery and pleasant warmth. In none of his other poems are the descriptions of English scenery and English girlhood more beautiful and more delicate than they are in those he wrote while he walked up and down the frozen gardens of the lonely village. Wordsworth's principal beliefs and conceptions are very evident in all the poems which he wrote that winter. The spiritual side of his mind is much in evidence. He began to endow places with spirits. An example of this is found in the poem, "Nutting." There he speaks of "a spirit in the woods." Although his tastes were probably the same, Wordsworth had probably never felt them so deeply, which seems to be shown by his poems written at that time. Professor Knight†

*Americana.
†Sneath's Wordsworth, page 147.

says that absence from his own life in his own country and his living in that cold season among the unsympathetic burghers of Goslar drove him back to his former life. It recalled the scenes and incidents of his native land and made him begin to lay his plans for writing his own life in verse. More concerning this will be said in the discussion of the "Prelude."

In the poem "There Was a Boy," which was one of the first which he wrote in Germany, we have his conception of Nature in Man. This poem is one which Wordsworth used later in the story of his own poetical education. Some scene in Germany may have called to mind his schoolboy days and his friend and schoolmate, William Raincock, who:

> "And there, with fingers interwoven, both hands
> Pressed closely palm to palm and to his mouth
> Uplifted, he, as through an instrument,
> Blew mimic hootings to the silent owls,
> That they might answer him."

"Nutting" is another poem written about a subject which the poet recalled from his youth. One can see him as he goes with his sister to gather the nuts and see that he does not think of the waste of Nature that he is causing until he has shaken the hazel tree and robbed it of its fruit. Then with him, the poet can feel "a sense of pain" which would be shared by anyone beholding such destruction. And then the boy feels "a spirit in the woods."

The "Lucy Poems" are a collection which show plainly that there is a strong emotion on the part of him who wrote them. Wordsworth has not told us what are the backgrounds to this set of poems, and since it is most plain that they are personal, we shall make no investigations into the subject. It is scarcely possible that one of so deep a nature and feeling should be able to pass through or recall a strong emotional crisis without expressing his thoughts and emotions at such

a time. The person about whom these poems were written must have been loved very dearly by the author. One has but to read the following lines to feel something of the expressed emotion:

"She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and, oh,
The difference to me!"

"Matthew," "The Two April Mornings," and "The Fountain" compose another group of poems which have as their central figure a friend and schoolmaster of Wordsworth. The first poem is one written opposite the name of the teacher which was recorded at the school with the dates of her service. The second is a short narrative poem. It tells of the April holiday when the schoolmaster and boy went walking, and the second April morning is discussed by the old man as he speaks of his little daughter who was buried then. The name, Emma, used in this poem seems to have been a favorite of Wordsworth's, as he used it in reference to his sister, Dorothy, in other places. "The Fountain" is a conversation between the old master and the boy. The three are, of course, touched with fancy, but they are based on fact.

The short poem, "Lucy Gray" is one based on a story of a little girl who was bewildered by a snow storm. It is one of Wordsworth's simplest and most beautiful poems, and one which many people know and love while they are children. The background of this story is also English, since the event took place in Yorkshire.

"Ruth" is a beautiful story of a girl who was wooed and won by a gallant young man from the New World and who was finally deserted. She was crazed by her grief and had to be confined. There in her shut-in state, she at times, lived over again the days of her love. As most of the other poems, this, also, is founded on a story which someone told the poet concerning a wanderer in Somersetshire.

The lines "Written in Germany" were composed Wordsworth says, "on one of the coldest days of the century." Its material is right at hand since the poem is inspired by the temperature. Wordsworth composed it while sitting with Dorothy. The Fly addressed in the poem was a king fisher which the poet was accustomed to see on his walks in the garden. One is made to feel the gloom and chill when he reads these lines.

As has already been shown, Wordsworth's mind turned back exceedingly during that winter in Germany to his childhood and youth. It was at that time that he purposed to write an account of poetical development. Many of his short poems are included in this "The Prelude," as Mrs. Wordsworth call it, was begun on the day that the Wordsworths left Goslar, or as the poet said, on the journey from "the melancholy walls of Goslar" to Gottingen, where they spent three weeks with Coleridge before returning to their native England.

Beauty

By Lucia Harding

I.

It may be a rose in a garden,
Or sunshine after the rain,
It may be a baby's smile
Or a violin's sweet refrain
It may be a Robin Red Breast
Or a mother's lullaby,
Whatever it is, if it's beauty
We know that God is by.

II.

I heard a song at twilight
Wafted from afar,
I saw a fleecy cloud
Floating near an evening star,
I felt a world of ecstasy
That words can ne'er express,
Call it what you will
I call it happiness.

III.

A church on a hill-side,
Sunshine through prison glass
An echo of an organ
Calling all to mass,
A feeling of deep reverence
And we say a word of prayer,
The world is filled with beauty
For we know that God is there.

IV.

God has fashioned an instrument
With which to touch the soul,
God has called it beauty
A thing as young as it is old,
God has made the deaf to hear,
He has made the blind to see,
But God has done a greater thing
He has revealed Himself to me.

Happiness

By LUCIA HARDING

A cottage
Roses
A garden
A gate

Youth
Love
You dear
Fate

Babies
Laughter
A Tear
A Smile

Friends
Music
Life
Worthwhile!

"Britches"

By Camille Alexander

Yassum, Miss Minnie, I done straightened dis room same as I would one of dem niggah gals of mine's head the day before she steps out on de floah. Fur as I know, they ain't a speck of dirt in here, de finest linen am on de bed, posies on de table, in fact things is too straight for Jo—excuse me, Miss Jo, no, Miss Josephine. She would feel a lot more at home if your dumped a few duds on de floah and de bed."

"No, Maria, I want the room to be tidy." Miss Minnie took a pair of spotless nose glasses from the eye glass reel and placed them over a pair of faded blue eyes and peered reprovingly at Maria. "Remember her father, Mr. Samuel, disapproves of nick names."

"Yassum, but—"

"Nothing more, please. He and Josephine's chaperone do not think we create a desirable atmosphere here for her as it is."

"Didn't he think her mother was the pink of prefection? And didn't I raise her? Why didn't de good Lord leave here long enough to raise dis child? Anyhow, he'll never change her a mite, you just mark my word, Miss Minnie. What time is it, nohow?"

"Five minutes until three, two hours and we will have our own once more. Have they changed her, subdued her, or will this old house rattle and smile after such a quiet rest?"

"Naw, mam, she'll be the same frisky youngun, just you wait and see. Now reckon hit's time to give de finishing touch. I been fairly bustin' for dis time to come."

Beaming with delight, Maria bent over the old walnut bureau and took out a pair of yellowish tan army trousers, which produced evidence enough that the owner was not old in action if in age.

"My Lawd, ain't it a shame, dese britches is 'bout ruined."

"I think Jo-sephine should have a new pair."

"No, mam, nothin' will do her but dese, she's said to me lots of times, 'Aunt Maria, when I get on these britches and then on Dixie's back, I can throw off those ways of my father and the city and become your and Aunt Minnie's and Dady John's.' Less us keep these here britches and dat old hoss. Look here dey is a big hole in de leg."

"Bring them to me down in the sewing-room."

"No, sir, I is gwine to do dis myself. I wants to see dem pretty little legs of hern well kivered up, dey ain't fer nobody to look at. Fust thing, I'll go see if Mr. John is ready to go after her. You know, Miss Minnie, he ain't got good sense today."

"Have you, Maria?"

"Well, I reckon I ain't, but I does want him to make hase."

"I will get him started, and when you have finished, you may help me to dress."

Maria moved her needle in and out as carefully as it were a fine linen collar for the king instead of the khaki trousers. When she had finished she folded and caressed them lovingly, muttering to herself, "Dis is where she'll want dem, right on dis bed, and hit'll seem good to see her in 'em once more. Now, I reckon I has to give de finishing touches to Miss Minnie."

"Do I look well dressed, Maria?"

"Yassum, you shoe does, an' ain't I a looking flossy in my new frock and apron?"

"Hit's time dey wus a gitting here. I'll bet your Jo—Josephine ain't here half an hour till she's in them old clothes and off on Dixie. I ain't never seen sech a child, here she comes home from these here fashionable schools, in the topermost style, and in five minutes she's out of dat fine rig and a racing 'round here in clothes dat ain't no better dan some dat dese poe white trash kids wear."

"Maria! Who is that driving at such a rapid rate? My, what a terrific noise."

"Lawd! if it ain't you brother, Mr. John, and Joe a driving."

"Surely—wait, Maria."

"Come on honey, dese ole foots is a aching to be moving to de front."

"Jo-se-phine."

"Lawdy, it's her sho 'nough."

"Hugh! I never saw an entanglement of thread that could compare with this one of arms, head, and kisses."

"Come on Granddad, don't be jealous, you can join this necking party."

"No, sir, Mr. John, you is done had yo share at de depot."

"Well, don't girls prefer men's kisses, Jo?"

"Sure only—"

"Only what?"

"Oh, you see there are some men that kiss lots nicer than others."

"Josephine! What are you saying?"

"Oh Boy, I've done it."

"Done what?"

"Shocked the Virginian blood cold. Now, tell me, what is in a kiss from a tall, good looking, irresistible hot papa that ooh—"

"Josephine! I can not allow you to talk in such a manner, it is most unladylike, you—"

"Oh, shut up, Minnie. Reminds me of fifty years ago." The broad shoulders straightened, drawing in the bay window and making the thin grey locks look fully six feet from the floor.

"Remember, Minnie, for all your ladylikeness you still have no 'r' in your only title. Do you suppose if you had—"

"John!"

"Are you going to let me stay?"

"Certainly, this is your home."

"Come on up ter your room, honey. You ain't only going to stay, but you ain't goin' to git away to no moe of dem hi-fer-lutin' schools.

Mr. Sam-uel is a plum fool thinking he can change you. Heah's your ole yaller britches, honey, and Dixie's raren to go."

"Why, Aunt Maria, the very idea of wearing those when I have the very latest riding habit from Paris. Anyway I'm going over to see Bill and Jimmy, so dig out that blue crepe de chine, it's in that bag."

"Miss Jo, you ain't gwine to see dem, is you?"

"Sure. I'll show them a few steps right from Broadway. Hurry so I can get back for supper."

"Miss Jo, ain't you wearin' no pettycoats over dem filmsy unawares?"

"I should say not. So long. See you later, 'Is he my boy friend, audow de ou dow'" prevented another word, for it was only a moment and those dancing little feet had carried away the fimsy blue skirt with a painted little blonde inside, leaving a dazed old negro woman and little heaps of clothes on the bed and floor.

During the first two courses of dinner that night, it was like old times. Aunt Minnie's hungry heart had softened and Maria's feet had caught the Josephine spirit as she hopped around the table. But during dessert Josephine brought forth the news that re-opened the family war.

"Let me plan the dessert for tomorrow and next day."

"Certainly you may, and for every day this week if you wish."

"I won't be here after that for a week."

"You won't?"

"Where is you going, honey?"

"Up to Princeton to a house party on Dick's bid."

"To see Dick?"

"Yes, and to dance my toes off. Gosh, but it's going to be great."

"Josephine, does your father know this?"

"Sure, he gave me a thousand to get a few new rags, last week."

"I didn't believe a Pinnington would ever run after a man. You are like your father, I knew it."

"Hush, Minnie, what's the harm in Josephine's going?"

"Say, when did you get such a wise dome up there, Granddad?"

"Dey is a bunch of boys in de parlor, Miss Jo-sephine."

"Thanks. Cool off and come on in the parlor, Aunt Minnie."

"No, thank you, I must talk with brother John."

"But I'll come in a second, Jo."

For some reason the atmosphere for the discussion was not created by Jo's absence. Only one misunderstood. A silvery squeal of sheer joy drifted back to the old couple. As they listened to the thump, thump, thump, thump, of heels in time to "Is she my girl friend, au dow de ou dow," their hearts pumped faster, for long years ago on just such a Spring night they, too, had felt the throbbing pulse of spring and youth.

"I don't like it, John, she isn't that kind, she has Pinnington blood in her veins."

"She is young, Minnie, let her laugh while she can. I wonder how long she will think that that is real living?"

Then for a few days the old house lapsed back into silence, but one day Maria was heard to say, "Won't be long now till we hear dat thumping and begin gittin' interjuiced to moe new-fangled notions. I never would a believed it of her, enon it ain't moe than skin deep. Never mind, honey, you go git on them glad rags of yourn, she'll be a shootin in here, the fust thing you know, dat gal don't fool when she sets down under dat wheel."

After thirty long minutes of waiting, a grey roadster drove slowly under the big oaks and stopped. A drooping little figure walked hesitatingly between the old box woods, half afraid, half anxious.

When the door opened revealing Aunt Maria, Josephine flew like a homing pigeon into waiting arms. Aunt Minnie and Grandad looked helplessly but happily on, while the tears of the old black mammy mingled with those of the "Old Jo." When the sob session was over,

Jo went to the window and stood gazing toward the barn. Without more ado, Aunt Maria called out gayly, "Hey, you Tom, we is ready for Dixie." And to the figure at the window she added, "Honey, yo'r ole yaller britches is on de bed in de back room."

Ladies at Cards

Four pairs of hands holding the lacquered cards
Around the table
Pink hands, sturdy hands, gleaming hands, pale hands.

Soft pink hands of a young bride—
A bit flighty,
A bit appealing;
Hands fated to know few hardships perhaps—
Perhaps no glamour.

Gleaming hands, scintillating as electric lights
Nails like flashing rapier points,
A bit too bright—
Hands that have shoved at custom
With unnecessary force.

The sturdy hands of a matron
Taking an afternoon of pleasure;
Five hands, capable hands,
They are holding fast to the ramparts of convention!

The pale hands of the dreamer,
Caught in the fly-wheel of small-town life
Longing to fly away
Beating, beating against the monotony
The convention,
As small white moths—
Wistful, futile moths.

Mamba's Daughters

By DUBOSE HEYWARD

DU BOSE HEYWARD'S "Porgy" was a sensational success and now he has written a bigger, broader novel, more inclusively American, a portrait in white and black, of the vanishing picturesque South. Charleston, Magnolia-scented, dreaming on its post-bellum aristocratic code, is the scene.

Mr. Heyward has chosen a family of "quality white folks" greatly impoverished by hard luck and troubles that flamed out of the Civil War to represent one angle of the question; and he has taken Mamba, her daughter, Hagar, and her granddaughter, Lissa, to represent another. Mamba, Hagar and Lissa are all triumphs of characterization.

Mamba's determination to give her granddaughter, Lissa, "a chance," her endless sacrifices, her sly use of my "white folks," her almost merciless driving of the big stupid Hagar, Lissa's mother, give the story vivid coloring without the rich touches of negro humor, negro superstitions and, again, negro spirtuals. (The bare words of these songs convey music.)

The story reaches out widely touching many phases of the negro problem—the relation of the negroes to the Southern whites, the presence of the city-bred type, etc. Toward the end the scene shifts from Charleston to Harlem.

Added to these, there is the story of the Wentworths "the quality white folks," fighting against poverty to hold their place in society. The story of Saint, the youngest son of the family, his fight for self-discipline, his romance, his fight for a place in Charleston society—is carried on in parallel with the story of Mamba and her battle for her daughters. These elements give body to the book and they are essential. Yet, they are pale and ordinary beside the magnificient chapters devoted to Mamba and Hagar. Heyward's description

of Mamba is superb. "She was not a full-blooded African negro, but her prominent nose and the coppery cast to her dark skin suggested a strain of American Indian in her veins. Her face had reached the point at which it tells nothing of age. As it looked now with its multitudinous wrinkles it would still look at her death. She smiled a little timidly and revealed a lonely yellow fang in the middle of her lower gum. . . . . From the network of wrinkles the woman's eyes, large and of a peculiar live brown brilliance, looked startingly out, bright with the fire of indomitable youth." Thus Mamba as she stood in the Wentworth's kitchen making her first canny effort to annex a white family. For the Southern custom decrees that a white family shall protect its retainers and Mamba had a daughter who was "born trouble" as she expressed it. Poor Hagar, so vast of bulk and so very good hearted. When trouble came she always turned to Mamba. And Mamba always saved her. But it was for Lissa's sake, the child she adored.

Woven about the three central characters are many scenes, the familiar catfish alley of "Porgy," the negro church during midnight mass, the phosphate mines across the river, the miners camp in the "fever season," scenes packed with rhythm, colors and more rhythm; scenes that haunt your senses as well as your memory.

This is a Southern book written by a Southern author. It is truly a great novel. Read it and you will agree.

—Reviewed by CONELIA MCLAUCHLIN.

The Cradle of The Deep

By JOAN LOWELL

"THE CRADLE of the Deep" recently launched into the sea of public criticism has steered her course among the waves so well as to be acclaimed the "book of the month." No yarn this, told in rambling fashion by an old sailor from whose beard the brine has long since dried and whose imagination is far greater than his love of truth, but a real story. The pungent odor of copra and the creaking of the sails come to the reader none the less distinctly because the writer is a woman. One closes the book almost feeling the tang of the salt water in the eyes.

The plot is very simple and simply told in seaman's jargon. Joan Lowell, descendant on one side of those who "in Boston speak only with the Cabots," on the other of a long line of sea captains, is at the age of eleven months taken to sea by her father to be brought up according to seamen's standards. Her earliest, her greatest ambition was to be a regular sailor and, as a requisite of the honor, to be able to "spit a curve to leeward." And so she grew up, well, guided by frequent "tatooings" from her father with a rope's end, and with never the slightest idea that some people might consider life as a sea captain's daughter romantic.

The appeal of the book is universal. The most exacting youth or baldheaded old pipe-dreamer can find no room to criticize a tale of wrecks, waterfronts, and new countries told in free sailor fashion. Women invariably find a vein of romance in the situation of another of their sex reaching "woman's estate" with a fear of her own kind but with a thorough knowledge of men as a man would know them together with the crowning ability of being able to "cuss four minutes and never say a word." The whole holds, whether for man or woman, a deep note of humor.

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The world pictured by Miss Lowell is a new one, strange in comparison to ours of de luxe steamers, radio and the like. It is a world of frail vessels, hardy captains, lordly gales and men whose simple code is, "never to squeal no matter what happens but to fight your own battles in your own way"—a world in which, of a truth, women have no place. Barmaids, drunken sailors, even the practice of shanghaiing, all far off and unreal to us, are vividly recalled. The domain of crude strength you may call it, and crude indeed it is but underneath it has a deep rich quality and even something more. It is a book full of human incidents, written with a keen understanding of character and a gentle touch of sentiment to make it a pleasing whole. It is a book capable of weathering all storms with its sails widely unfurled.

Reviewed by JULIA BOYD SMITH.

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